UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Religion and Science: A Psychological Interpretation

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Human Jesus

By WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW

Gandhi: Hero-in-Action

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

A Great War Book

Reviewed by HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER 5

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 67
Religion and Science, A Psychological Interpretation.—CLARENCE R. SKINNER 69
Jottings.—J. H. H. 72

ARTICLES—

Selected.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson* 67
The Human Jesus.—WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW 72
Gandhi: Hero-in-Action.—*J. T. Sunderland* ... 74

POETRY—

The Gain.—A. H. 76

THE STUDY TABLE—

A Great War Book.—HARRIET T. COMSTOCK .. 77

CORRESPONDENCE—

Austria Ruined by the League!—Z. 78

THE FIELD—

Notice—Mr. Holmes in Chicago 79
Edwin D. Mead at Home 79
A League of Neighbors 79

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1924 NUMBER 5

We must not try to write the laws of any one virtue, looking at that only. Human nature loves no contradictions, but is symmetrical. The prudence which secures an outward well-being is not to be studied by one set of men, whilst heroism and holiness are studied by another, but they are reconcilable. . . The proper administration of outward things will always rest on a just apprehension of their cause and origin; the good man will be the wise man, and the single-hearted, the politic man.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson in "Prudence."

The turn in the tide has come. It was inevitable sooner or later that the Coolidge flood should subside, but it hung for an amazingly long time. When it turned at last, however, it started with a rush, and is now going out so fast that the Republicans are in a panic. The Brookhart revolt has settled the Middle West, adding this whole area to the Northwest long since conceded to La Follette. The nomination of "Al" Smith in New York makes certain the carrying of the Empire State for Davis, and equally certain the defeat of Coolidge, for no combination of electoral figures even in the Republican headquarters can elect the President without the votes of New York. More important than events of this kind is the growing revulsion of the popular mind from Republicanism and all its works. Nothing but dashing leadership on the part of Coolidge, a flaming passion for righteousness, a convincing display of consummate determination and ability, could save the party. But these are just the qualities which the candidate has not got. He is phlegmatic, dull, commonplace, a good deal confused, and very weak. Silence on the part of such a man was wise, for it might easily be made to pass for wisdom, grim determination, stolid devotion to public duties, and vast reserves of character. But the trouble is, the campaign is too long—the smoke screen is drifting away. Every moment now it is becoming clearer that the President is silent because he has nothing to say, does not lead because he has no place to go. The "myth," in other words, is being dispelled, and millions, thus relieved of superstition, are turning to Davis or La Follette, or away from the polls altogether. Calvin Coolidge is the most gigantic "hoax" ever perpetrated on the American people—worse than Barnum's woolly horse or cherry-colored cat. It worked for an amazingly long time, showing that the people are still as easy to fool as ever. But the end always comes to this sort of thing. Lincoln's famous maxim is still true!

The usual campaign speech or propaganda document is of course prepared on the supposition that the great mass of men and women are half-wits. Nevertheless, we constantly find ourselves amazed at the utter "rawness" of statements submitted to public judgment, and wondering if they really "get by." For example, here is Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., comparing government expenditures in the Wilson administrations with the same expenditures in the preceding Republican administrations, pointing out their enormous increase as proof of Democratic inefficiency and wanton waste, and *never so much as saying a single word about the war!* Is it conceivable that the public is so ignorant and naïve as to be persuaded by this kind of argument? Colonel Roosevelt evidently thinks so. Again, we read in the *Country Gentleman* an article in opposition to government ownership of railroads. With sound psychological insight the author aims his dart at the pocket-book of the reader, declaring that, whatever else government ownership will or will not do, it will certainly increase taxes. Pointing out that "railroads would be as exempt from state and local taxation as the post-offices," he affirms that this "would mean a loss of $8,425,982 tax revenue for Minnesota, $7,321,976 for Wisconsin, $6,849,703 for Iowa," and so on. All this, of course, would have to be made up "by increased taxes on other forms of property." But would it? It strikes us that, if the railroads did not have to pay these taxes, the expense of their operation as at present reckoned would be very considerably reduced. That is, if the railroads now pay to the state of Minnesota $8,425,982 which they would not pay under government ownership, then the cost of running the railroads in that state would be at least $8,425,982 less than it is at the present moment. Even now these roads are making a profit, which inevitably would be increased by $8,425,982 through reduction of expenses to that amount, all of which would go into the state treasury. But the author says nothing at all about this, and apparently expects his readers not to notice it. If the American people are such fools as this, they deserve to be betrayed.

Every now and then, in a most delightfully unconscious way, some ardent advocate of capitalism reveals to an anxious world the real character of its economic system, how it works and what it really means in terms of human welfare. Take, for example, a recent editorial in the New York *Times*, which is perhaps the most serious and solemn as well as able defender of the existing order that we have in the field of American journalism! The editorial in question refers to the plight of the Western farmers and endeavors to

prove that this plight is not so bad as it is represented. On the contrary, the *Times* argues, prospects for the farmer are pretty bright, and there is no reason at all why he should be discouraged or tempted to the support of the radical panaceas offered by Senator La Follette and his associates. The editorial then goes on to point out in substantiation of this cheering message that there have come "recent changes in the agricultural outlook." Thus the price of wheat at Chicago has gone up, and so good an authority as Prof. David Friday predicts that autumn wheat will sell at $1.25 or more a bushel. Now, if you please, make careful note of the *Times's* explanation of this encouraging prospect! "There is no secret," it says, "about the causes." First, this year's wheat crop in America will be something like ninety-three million bushels less than last year's crop. Secondly, this shortage is not limited to America but is to be found throughout the world. Thirdly, there will not be enough wheat to go around this year, which fact, says the *Times* benevolently, "translated into the terms of the market, means a smaller supply, a larger demand, and a consequent higher price." Isn't this perfectly delightful? Something like a famine is in prospect, and hence the American farmer is going to be able to sell his desperately needed supply of food at a top price and thus get rich. Here is the capitalistic system in its finest flower! Its essence is exploitation, dog eat dog, the prosperity of the few at the expense of the many! We have no use for this abominable system. The sooner it can be wiped out the better. The price of getting rid of it may be high, but we are in the mood to feel that no price is too high for such an inestimable boon as the reorganization of society on a new and nobler economic basis.

They have been having a "New England Week" in New England. The Yankees, it seems, have been growing pessimistic—though why they should with their darling, Calvin Coolidge, in the White House, we cannot imagine. But we are told, none the less, that "pessimism has stalked abroad in New England." So they declared a "Week," in which New England should be reminded of itself. The job to be done was that of "selling New England to New England." Says a circular which came to us:

> It is proposed to know New England industrially as we have never known it before. It is further proposed to put that knowledge at the disposal of every New Englander that each may become an enthusiastic salesman for New England.
>
> Henceforth it is safe to predict no voice can be raised in regional boosting which will be louder or more enthusiastic than New England's.

Now we are a New Englander ourself, and a loyal. We think Massachusetts and Boston are pretty fine, and Maine, too! 'Way back in our earliest childhood, we can remember joining lustily with our grandfather in singing an old family song—

> New England, New England,
> My home by the sea . . .

It is because of this connection, of these memories, that we just hate and despise such a thing as this "New England Week." It's "Main Street" spread all over the map—"Babbitt" gone wild for the almighty dollar! For there is no real sentiment in an affair of this kind —no pride in history, no reverence for tradition, no ideals for or dedications to the future. The whole thing is a commercial proposition—an attempt to sell goods by tempting people to get proud or excited, and *buy*. For honest advertising and straightforward publicity, we have all due respect. But for advertising and publicity that steal the garb of idealism, we have nothing but a superfine brand of contempt. In reading the hectic literature of this "New England Week," we thought of Daniel Webster and his "I shall enter upon no enconium of Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is."

It has long been the sober judgment of competent observers that the Danes are the happiest people of Europe. Recent news makes us speculate as to whether they are not also the most intelligent and enlightened. Thus we read in newspaper reports that "when the Danish Rigsdag meets in October, it will be called upon to consider a bill which aims at nothing less than the virtual abolition of the military and naval forces of the Kingdom." Denmark now has a navy of battleships and cruisers, and an army recruited by conscription with a peace establishment of 75,000 men. It is now proposed by the Cabinet to scrap all the naval vessels excepting five ships of less than 700 tons burden each for fishery protection, disband a majority of the naval personnel, and abolish the army in favor of a special police reserve. At the same time, as a necessary consequence, the Ministry of Defense would disappear. Here is a country, in other words, which proposes to strip itself of all armament, and give itself wholly to the ways of peace. It will thus relieve itself incidentally, of a taxation burden of close to $20,000,000. Opposition to the measure is of course expected, but the outlook promises a victory for the ministry. But this is no precedent for other nations, say the militarists, for Denmark is a little country and thus out of the circle of danger! To which the reply is, How so? A hundred or more years ago, Denmark was fighting England, and sixty years ago she was fighting Germany. Today her lands are as valuable, her wealth as attractive, her sea-coast as strategic as ever. *But*—she has foresworn imperialistic ambitions. She has turned from the pursuit of outward power to the development of inward happiness. And she is secure because she herself threatens nobody! Hence she no longer needs army or navy. Her own rectitude and peaceful purposes are all the defense she needs.

Mention of Denmark's foreign policy brings naturally to mind the impressive facts of her domestic policy. It is commonly argued by conservatives that

capitalism is necessary to a modern country, and that the overthrow of capitalism is thus synonymous with disaster. Denmark is the perfect refutation of this contention and prophecy. For Denmark is a country which has met capitalism on the field of economic battle, beaten it to a frazzle, and thrown it altogether into the scrap-heap. The people no longer have to have bankers and big business men any more than they have to have generals and admirals. They own their industries, do their own work, manage their own affairs. Poverty has automatically disappeared; wealth has been taxed out of existence where it has not of itself, like poverty, disappeared. Two things have made this situation possible. The first is the great system of popular education instituted a half-century or more ago. The second is the universal development, in city and country, in the factory and on the farm, of co-operation. These two factors, knowledge within and organization without, have combined to make this country a Utopia. That the nation itself offered no peculiar conditions favorable to this transformation, is shown by the fact that two generations ago Denmark was a typical capitalistic country. It had all the signs of agricultural depression, industrial disorganization and misery, wealth and poverty, slums, labor wars, and confusion generally. Read Nexö's masterpiece, "Pelle the Conqueror," and you have the picture! But now all this has changed, by the elimination of an economic system which breeds its own horror and decay. Denmark has gotten rid both of imperialism and of capitalism, and is thus the one brightest spot on the map of Europe.

An important volume of critical essays, entitled "Medaglie," has recently appeared in Italy. This book consists of a series of studies of distinguished contemporaries, such as D'Annunzio, Gorky, and Mussolini, and is written by Nicola Moscardelli, one of the most distinguished poets of the younger generation. One of the essays is on our old friend, Papini, and includes a careful estimate of his notorious "Life of Christ." Moscardelli's judgment, which is that of all intelligent Italians, is unequivocal—that the book is shallow and irreligious, lacking every element of genuine faith and spiritual emotion. How does Papini talk about Christ, asks this critic?

> By spreading over more than 600 pages what the Gospels tell us in less than 100. The reader would never notice that Christ is being discussed if it were not mentioned in the title. It might just as well be about Christopher Columbus or Garibaldi or Napoleon. The lofty themes suggested to the human mind by the Gospel are never developed by Papini, but are worked out like a schoolboy's theme. . . . With the same words Papini could prove the exact opposite of what he is trying to prove if a "no" were substituted for each "yes," and "good" for "bad."

Moscardelli reveals that the chapters in the "Life of Christ" can be traced back to earlier works when Papini was a raging atheist, and continues:

> Papini has written over six hundred pages to tell us that he has known Christ, but there arises the well-founded doubt: has he not written about eternal truths rather than eternal truth? He has not confronted us with his resurrection but told us about it. Six hundred packed pages without a single thought of three lines comparable to the splendor of Pascal, to an image of Hello or the illumination of Dostoevsky. The moral problem, which is man's capital problem, seems to have become just a publishing problem. Write a big book and it will appear great; little thoughts which literate and illiterate alike leave unsaid. Anybody can expand the story of the Gospel, but "not every one can write a hundred little pages in which Christ is never mentioned but from which it is evident that Christ is born."

And this is the book, let it be remembered, which was trumpeted from the housetops throughout America, by distinguished scholars, leading clergymen, influential religious journals, as the greatest biography of Jesus since Renan, as a book of sublime spirituality and beauty, etc., etc., *ad nauseam!* Over 200,000 copies of the worthless volume have been sold in this country to date, thousands of them to libraries, ministers and students. Columbia University invited the author to lecture in its halls, and was disappointed when he did not come. Never has there been such a literary hoax—never such a revelation of the moron standards of American culture!

Religion and Science*

A Psychological Interpretation

I

The conflict between religion and science is due to the fact that both religion and science have been thought of in objective terms, as constituting a body of belief in certain gods, powers, laws or persons in the spiritual realm, or belief in a certain number of laws and phenomena of the physical universe. These beliefs are apt to be static, unyielding and in constant opposition, thus dividing the individual's mental life into inner conflicts and preventing complete integration of the personality.

The solution of this problem may, as we have seen, be accomplished for some people by the process of harmonizing the beliefs about the objective aspects of religion with the objective aspects of science; but this leads to the dangers of rationalizing on the one hand, and to the difficulties of a constantly disturbed equilibrium on the other. The solution from the psychological point of view, while not wholly excluding the above, would be found in a new approach to both religion and science, defining them in subjective terms and interpreting them as evolving and fluid experiences rather than hard and fast doctrines.

The advantage of such a solution lies in the freedom which it guarantees to the individual's search for truth, in the more complete integration of his inner life and

*This series of articles, commenced last spring and interrupted by Mr. Skinner's illness, is now resumed.

the comparative stability of relationship which is thus brought about between the spheres of religion and science. It is a solution which goes to the root of the matter rather than remaining on the surface of objectivity.

Science as Subjective.

First, let us approach science by the method of this interpretation and see whether it is possible to define it in subjective terms, as a fluid experience rather than as a body of doctrine:

If we were to go to a university and enter one of the courses in biology, physics or chemistry, what is the first thing that we would learn if we were expecting to prepare ourselves for a scientific career? What would be the first and most fundamental lesson which the wise teacher would set before us as an initiation into the mysteries of this new subject which we are about to study?

It would be impossible to better illustrate this point and to answer this question than by recalling the much quoted experience of a young man who went to a famous teacher and who asked for the privilege of studying with him. The teacher gave him paper and pencil and asked the pupil to draw a picture of the body of a certain animal which had been prepared for laboratory work. The pupil obeyed the instructions and soon returned with the drawing which he proudly showed to the master. "That's good," he was told, "now go back and draw what you see." Mystified, but humble, the student went back to his task and again made a drawing, this time with more care and with much keener observation. Coming back he was surprised to hear the same comment, "That's good," and the same directions, "now go back and draw what you see." The story goes that for at least a half dozen times the young man repeated the process and for at least a half dozen times the teacher made only this cryptic but wise comment.

What was the purpose of this experience and what did it teach? Obviously, the student was receiving his first lesson in science, which is the acquisition of the *scientific attitude of mind.* The facts which he learned about the animal were comparatively unimportant. The object was entirely secondary to the subject. The fundamental thing was not the arrangement of tissues, nerves, bones or organs, but the "mental set" which the young man was acquiring. For the first time in his life, he learned the laws of observation, of true representation, of strict adherence to reality.

And of course this would be our experience if we were to take up the study of any branch of science today. The first and foremost fact to be learned is the subjective fact of attitude. Science is a state of mind, it is a method of facing life, and without this inward experience no person can be scientific, no matter how many facts he may believe, and no matter whether the facts believed are true or not.

This statement is meant to be taken literally and is the very crux of our contention. Upon it hangs the development of this entire thesis; therefore, it will be necessary to further illustrate it.

Let us imagine that a certain person X has acquired in a haphazard way a considerable amount of knowledge regarding the facts of biology, chemistry or physics. He can tell us some of the truths that have been discovered about cells, electrons and the table of valences. He has never been in a laboratory, he has never tested, dissected, analyzed or proved. He has accepted statements which others have made, and if compelled to give reasons for his beliefs would have to confess that they are derived from authority. Would such a person be considered scientific? Could we even say that he had taken the first steps in the understanding of science? Most assuredly not! The scientists would be the first to repudiate the idea. They are exceedingly jealous of standards in their fellowship, and he who hopes to enter, must serve an arduous apprenticeship in method.

Our hypothetical friend X has literally not taken the first step toward becoming a scientific man. He may have a bushel of facts at his command but if he has neither the attitude nor experience of research, testing, proving, he still remains outside the portals of the temple.

But, someone will say, he knows the truth! He can give the formula, recite the equation, or pronounce the law. Is not science, after all, simply a body of demonstrated fact? Is not the difference between science and ignorance simply the difference between truth and error, and wherever we find a man who knows truth, have we not a man who knows science?

Again—no! For here we must raise the fundamental and baffling question, What is truth? When do we *know,* absolutely? When does a fact become demonstrated? When do we discover a law that is absolute?

Instantly some one will say, "But we know that two and two are four. Certainly this is a fact? You can't take that away from our list of permanent categories." But our pragmatist philosopher replies, "Two *what,* plus two *what*? If we take two particles of mercury and add them to two particles of mercury, how many do we have?" And the answer is—there is no telling. Slide them together carefully, and there will be one. Drop them together, and there may be a hundred. It was Prof. James who used to tell his students that if they could not imagine conditions under which two and two would make five, there was little use of their going on in the study.

But to return to science—the modern world has seen so many revolutions in the field of old and supposedly secure dogmas, that many of the most scientific minds are challenging the concept of assured fact, and are substituting the idea of provisional hypothesis. This does not mean a return to the philosophy of solipsism,

with a denial that objective reality exists. This is not an affirmation that the only fact is a mental state. But it is an assertion that all human knowledge of objective realities depends upon points of view, and that this knowledge is therefore never absolute or closed.

We can never learn the whole truth about any fact, unless we know all about all of its relations with the whole universe, and unless it is viewed from every angle in the universe. We cannot know what the ocean is from observing a drop of water in a test-tube; neither can we know the full significance of any familiar fact such as weight, time or space, unless we can see them in a setting of relationships as wide and enduring as the whole universe.

The classical example of this point of view is the philosophy of relativity. Speaking of space and time, which have been considered solid and dependable facts, Arthur E. Eddington says in a recent Romanes lecture at Oxford that there are "many such systems of reckoning—many possible frames of space and time. . . . No one frame rather than another can be identified as the scaffolding used in the construction of the world. And yet one of them does present itself to us as being the actual space and time of our experience; and we recoil from the other equivalent frames which seem to us artificial systems in which distance and duration are mixed up in an extraordinary way. What is the cause of this invidious selection? *It is not determined by anything distinctive in the frame; it is determined by something distinctive in us.**

In other words, all the familiar concepts of physics are facts only as long as we look at them from our comparatively narrow geo-centric world. But shift our point of observation to the sun,—get beyond *our* frame of space, and then we can see an entirely different kind of speed, and experience a very different kind of time. Our whole earth and all the objective realities in it would then seem no longer like the drop of water in the test tube, but like a drop in the ocean.

To see a fact in isolation may be a good exercise for the class-room and may subserve some justifiable purpose; but we must beware identifying such a phenomenon with reality.

The increasing emphasis upon this viewpoint in modern times is therefore causing a re-defining of the essentials of science in terms of method and intention rather than in terms of the accumulation of objective facts.

Bring together a group of scientists and it will not take long to discover that they differ as to almost every fact under Heaven. There are the widest possible divergencies over such simple questions as to whether two and two are necessarily and eternally four, and when it comes to the more profound problems of the ultimate nature of things, the confusion is notorious.

*Italics by the writer.

What, then, is an assured fact? How do we know when we have a universal law and an eternal category? In all humility let us recognize that since the days of relativity and pragmatism, the old absolute dogmatism has become hopelessly out of date, and the wisest man is the most cautious about his claims to infallibility.

Is not truth therefore an approximation, a hint? Does it not become relative in a changing world? Is not the best we can say, "It is an hypothesis which we will use in our further search after more truth"? Note that we have here queries, and not dogmatisms. But in substantiation of this thesis we quote Prof. Giddings to the following effect: "Logic has abandoned absolutes for variables, and pigeon-hole classifications for frequency distributions." This would seem to be truly scientific.

If this interpretation be conceded, then it instantly becomes plain that our friend X, who can recite formulas, does not qualify as a scientific man merely because his beliefs are in accordance with the dominant doctrine of the day. Tomorrow may prove his good uncouth. Even relativity may prove to be relative, and when men stand upon some new vantage ground a century hence, the respectable "truths" of X may prove to be only as respectable as the truths of all other ancients.

To close the argument, if X memorizes the propositions of Euclid, and can pass a perfect examination on the book, does this make him a mathematician? Change the "u" in the figure to a "y," ask him to find the square root of "z" instead of "C" (if there is such a thing) and he is instantly adrift. The writer speaks whereof he knows. If this neophyte believes every law and fact that Euclid has demonstrated, and if all his opinions are passable before a jury of mathematicians, he is nevertheless no mathematician himself. He has not acquired the attitude, the habit of thought, the inner experience.

So with the scientific man. Every attempt to measure him by his belief in certain objective facts breaks down. He may, and unquestionably will, believe in certain facts, laws or truths, and in this he may agree with a large number of his fellows. But this is a result and not a cause. This is not the fundamental characteristic. It may be important, but still not be the root of the matter. The one essential quality is an attitude of mind, a subjective quality which makes the belief and the truth a living experience to the individual. Science is a pursuit, not a goal.

To close this aspect of the argument, we may turn to the words of William James in his famous essay on "The Will to Believe": "No concrete test of what is really true has ever been agreed upon. . . . The much lauded objective evidence is never triumphantly there; it is a mere aspiration or *Grenzbegriff*, marking the infinitely remote ideal of our thinking life. To claim

that certain truths now possess it, is simply to say that when you think them true and they *are* true, then their evidence is objective, otherwise it is not. *But practically one's conviction that the evidence one goes by is of the real objective brand, is only one more subjective opinion added to the lot.*"*

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

*Italics are the writer's.

Jottings

The return of Winston Churchill to the Conservative Party in England is dramatic evidence of the political trend in that country. The disintegration of Liberalism into Conservatism on the one hand and Labor on the other would seem to be inevitable.

A. Conan Doyle, in his autobiography, "Memories and Adventures," testifies to his belief that his Sherlock Holmes stories represent a brand of literature far inferior to his historical novels. For once an author sees his own work in correct perspective. "Micah Clark," "The White Company" and "Sir Nigel" are great books, by which Doyle will be remembered.

The Methodists report that "World Service receipts to August 31 were $1,679,000 below last year for the first ten months of the fiscal year." This is a decrease of twenty-five per cent. For June, July, August, the shortage is $785,000, or more than forty-five per cent. This is an appalling statement, indicating a waning power in organized Christianity which is supremely symptomatic of modern times. The sooner the churches discover that they *can not* continue on the old lines, the better for religion.

The largest crowds in recent weeks have been not at the political rallies but at the baseball games. We saw one day an auction in a jewelry shop going on side by side with a Republican rally in a vacant store, and drawing much the larger crowd. The problem of psychology in a democracy is a curious one.

The denial to the La Follette electors of a place on the official ballot in California and Louisiana, shows what we are "up against" in this country. The disfranchisement of millions of citizens is one more little illustration of the kind of democracy we enjoy. President Coolidge's comment on the situation, be it said, is as creditable as the situation itself is discreditable.

Countee P. Cullen, a colored student in New York University, has been awarded second prize by the Poetry Society of America for a poem which is shortly to be published in the *American Mercury*. In 1920, while a high school pupil, he won first prize in a contest organized by the High School Poetry Society. We have been trying to prove racial inferiority by these facts but we didn't seem to succeed. J. H. H.

The Human Jesus

A few months ago, a well-known novelist was asked to name the six greatest men in history. His unhesitating choice for the first position on his list was the Great Teacher and Philosopher, whose example and precepts have come ringing down the ages for more than nineteen centuries, Jesus, the Man of Galilee.

Immediately many people, undeniably sincere in their convictions, assumed that a great sacrilege had been committed—that this novelist had no right to consider Jesus as a Man at all—that the idea was impossible and not to be considered. Yet this writer named Jesus as history's greatest figure because of his *human* characteristics—his love, his understanding and his sympathy, *not* because of the claims made that he was Deity incarnate.

There seems a decided fear in many quarters that the present generation is getting away from the teachings of Jesus, and neither appreciates him nor feels the need of him. This fear is predicted on the fact that Jesus is being freely discussed, and his teachings, life and origin being carefully weighed and considered, rather than being taken simply on blind faith. The premise is false. The indications are, rather, that the world is just beginning to want the real Jesus—the human Jesus—the Jesus to be loved as a friend rather than feared and worshipped as a monarch or a God. His human attributes, his wonderful teachings and his perfect life are coming to mean more to the world than ever before, as the man made shroud of mystery and superstition is slowly but surely unwound from his shining figure, and he stands before us in his glorious humanity.

It seems to me that the Orthodox churches do not bring Jesus to those who want and need him, because of the very fact that they wish to rob him of his humanity. They cite him as the great example after whose life ours should be patterned—and in the same breath tell us that he was of special divine creation, and that it is impossible for mankind to attain his perfection. Somewhat of an anachronism, isn't it?

Jesus the God can never help the world as can Jesus the Man. This is not blasphemy, nor treason to Jesus, but simple truth, based on sound reason. Naturally, if Jesus were divinely created to do certain things, teach certain truths, and live a certain kind of life, he could not do otherwise, and deserves no credit for having carried out his part of the supernaturally arranged program. How can we hope to be like him—we who are taught by orthodoxy that we are worms of the dust, born in sin, and can never be otherwise by our own abilities?

But imagine Jesus the Man—created like the rest of us, with our passions, our desires and our temptations,

and what a different and what an inspiring picture is presented to us! Here is a leader after whose life we can eagerly—and with some hope of achievement—hope to pattern our own. He was tempted, and withstood temptation—not by the intervention of an outside deity, but by the exertion of that divine power of will—that power of knowing right and following it—which is in us all, if we will but develop and use it. The human Jesus "went about doing good." He aided the unfortunate, understood and sympathized with the erring, and spread the spirit of love and service among all those with whom he came into contact. This is the Jesus all can understand, all can love, all can devotedly and willingly follow. This is the Jesus who shows us the way of life, and the secret of success and happiness.

The Jesus emphasized by the teachings of the strictly Orthodox churches is the former concept—that of the divinely created son of God, who condescended to take on human form for a short period, and who is now seated at the right hand of God, sitting in judgment on each of us, and deciding whether we, not by our deeds but by our creeds, merit eternal glory or eternal torment. We are taught that Jesus is to be spoken of in hushed tones, and that the knee is to be bent and the head humbly bowed if we would dare address him. He is shrouded in a veil of ecclesiastical mummery, so that he is masked from us, and in this way we are deprived of the spiritual comfort and pleasure of regarding him as a guide and a friend rather than as a powerful ruler. The churches are fond of emphasizing the "second coming," when Jesus, it is said, will appear riding in the clouds attended by his angels, and will finally judge all mankind. Here is a forbidding, conquering monarch—not the gentle Teacher and sympathetic Man whose great and intensely human deeds of kindness and wisdom so captivate our fancies and fire our imaginations.

The world wants and needs Jesus the Man — the great Philosopher whose moral precepts, and noble life grow more wonderful as they are studied and understood in the light of modern learning. The Jesus we love and revere is the Jesus depicted in the strictly biographical portions of the three Synoptic Gospels. Who can fail to appreciate the beautiful story of the Man of Galilee, as they brought to him the woman who was condemned of men—the scarlet woman scorned of the men who had made her what she was? What a wealth of human understanding and justice tempered with divine mercy is revealed in the simple injunction, "Go thy way, and sin no more." Here was a mind so big that instead of scornful condemnation and hypocritical vengeance, it had room only for tender forgiveness, and deep understanding of human frailty. With what reverence we needs must regard a man capable of such divinity of spirit! This figure looms so much finer than that of the conqueror and stern judge that reasoning minds must accept it as that of the real Jesus.

It is not sacrilege to strip Jesus of the claim of being deity—a claim which has been made *for* him—never *by* him. It is, rather, the removal of the man-conceived barriers which have so long kept him out of the lives of those who have longed for him, could they but understand him. It has always seemed to me that the strictly "orthodox" have demeaned Jesus by their persistent attempt to deify him. Perhaps this statement needs further exposition; if so, here is the reason on which it is founded.

The greatness of Jesus, and his consequent influence on the world, lies in his moral teachings, and his life itself. Neither these teachings, nor this life, need supernatural endorsement of any kind—they are their own justification. For this reason the doctrines which have been most emphasized by the churches are really the non-essentials. What difference does it make how Jesus was born—it neither adds to nor detracts from his moral worth and high example. He is the savior of the world, yes—but not in the sense usually understood. He did not save mankind by making of himself a sacrifice to a vengeful God; he saved mankind by giving a flaming example of the kind of life everyone should live who would save himself by building a rounded character and a fully developed soul. His life was one of simplicity—he was the perfect democrat, who fully appreciated the innate worth in everyone of his fellow men. He knew the things which counted, and the things which did not—he knew the gold from the dross, and he showed the world how a man can live and a hero die—ever faithful to the high ideal of Right.

Jesus believed in the worth of mankind—his was no doctrine of original sin and vicarious atonement. He himself taught that man must work out his own salvation through his acts—not through his beliefs and claims to virtues not proved. He showed the world how to work out its salvation—he showed man how to develop the divinity in himself.

This is the Jesus the world wants, and this is the Jesus who is being revealed to the world through the present controversies which seem to shock the sensibilities of so many. Jesus hated indifference—and indifference is the prime characteristic in the religion of many people. Because of this indifference they prefer to leave their religion undiscussed, untouched, put away so to speak, so that they may know where it is but never use it.

The present generation, however, will not accept religion of that sort. Our college students, our men and women of keen intellect and deep spirituality, our scientists, all want religion of a different sort—a religion which is simple, understandable and above all, practicable; in short, the kind of everyday religion summed up in the ethical teachings of the Man of Galilee. Jesus the Man stands knocking at the door, and is ready to enter the hearts of the world as soon as those who dare to fly in the face of man made superstition and habit, have scraped away the rust on the hinges of the door, and cleaned away the obstructions which have so long delayed his entrance. Jesus the Deity—obscure, and often secretly feared—held at a distance by man made superstition and creed—is passing, as Jesus the man, comes in the full beauty of his perfect spirit to be a friend to all mankind—a real guide and teacher, loved, appreciated, understood.

WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW.

Gandhi's Sayings

Political life must be an echo of private life, and there cannot be any divorce between the two.

In a well-ordered society the securing of one's livelihood should be, and is found to be, the easiest thing in the world. Indeed, the test of orderliness in a country is not the number of millionaires it owns, but the absence of starvation among its masses.

Gandhi: Hero-in-Action

It is as *"Karma-vira"* —the Hero-in-Action—that Gandhi of India is known to the youth of that country. To them, his Mahatmahood is assured, but, as something in the nature of a fruition, to come after the period of continuous and controlled action (broken only by a jail sentence, now happily terminated) from which he has not yet emerged. The uncompleted record of this action is written today in countless languages, and the literature on the subject is every day growing in volume as it is in importance. For this reason it is meet that the pioneers among those who, outside of India, sensed the greatness of this man and the supreme value of his message, should be kept in mind by the West, and the East as well. To such as these, the world is indebted for the fact that within barely three years after the All India Congress at Nagpur, when Gandhi assumed command of the revolutionary forces of his nation (then in imminent danger of taking on the violent character of western revolutionary activity), the name and fame of India's "Hero-in-Action" has gone around the world. These pioneers, and they are to be found in all parts of the world, recognized the power of the new-old dynamic that Gandhi had injected into the momentous struggle in India, a struggle which marked the spiritual awakening of a whole continent, nay, more, of the entire East. They saw in this dynamic the force that can win *Swaraj* for India, but which has in it as well the power to revolutionize Revolution for all time; and their good works should be recorded.

Within three months after the Nagpur decision that India should work for her liberty "by all peaceful and legitimate means," a sermon by Reverend John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church of New York, entitled "Who is the Greatest Man in the World Today?" had started publicity regarding India's "great soul" and the non-violent, non-co-operation movement he was leading,—a publicity achieved for the most part, through newspapers and magazines. It was inevitable, however, that more permanent form should be given to the estimates and opinions about the character and the philosophy, the words and the acts of *Karma-vira* Gandhi. In the year 1922 appeared a brochure from the pen of Miss Blanche Watson, whose interest in the Non-co-operation movement dates from its inception. Miss Watson stands forth uniquely and prominently as the one woman outside India who has recognized the inner values of Gandhi's message and who has devoted herself freely to transmitting it to the western world. Her book "Gandhi: Voice of the New Revolution," is a fresh, stirring and authentic account of the first year of non-violent resistance and the most notable of the historic events which led up to India's awakening. It was written in 1921, but it could not find an American publisher, and was finally issued by an Indian firm in Calcutta. Shortly before its appearance, "The Christ of India," a reprint of Mr. Holmes's first sermon together with a second, entitled "The Spiritual Significance of the Gandhi Movement," came from a Madras press. This was followed a year later by "Gandhi the Apostle," written and published by Haridas Muzumdar (Chicago), who has given in compact form, the genesis of the Gandhi program, its historical background, its methods, and the life-story of the great personality of this apostle of peace and goodwill.

"India affords a grand departure from the way nations are usually consolidated and freed," says Mr. Muzumdar, in the chapter which follows his comprehensive introductory panorama of Indian history. He goes on to say:

> The English revolution, culminating in the beheading of a king, asserted the rights of the people against autocracy. The American Revolution marked the triumph of democracy over imperialism. The French Revolution was, as Mazzini said, "the translation of Protestantism into politics" . . . The Russian Revolution of 1917 promises a full realization of the dignity of manhood . . . and the Indian Revolution of to-day . . . is transporting politics into the domain of the spiritual, thus realizing the divinity of man. . . .

Mr. Muzumdar, later on, issued a reprint of Gandhi's own book "Indian Self-government," under the title "The Sermon on the Sea," which he calls the modern corollary of the "Sermon on the Mount." This book —written by Gandhi on a voyage from South Africa to India and characterized by the author as an answer to those Indians who advocated violence—reveals the spiritual message as well as the practical program of the unique leader who has stirred all India to the depths and challenged Christianity throughout the world. In the fine words of Gandhi himself, "it replaces violence with self-sacrifice."

> (It) is a method of securing rights by personal suffering; it is the reverse of resistance by arms; it is soul-force. . . . Passive resistance is an all-sided sword; it can be used anyhow; it blesses him who uses it and him against whom it is used. Without drawing a drop of blood, it produces far-reaching results. It never rusts and cannot be stolen. It does not require a scabbard. Competition between passive resisters does not exhaust.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of this book—as if in answer to widespread desire and need for direct and personally authoritative information about, and light on, this supremely great spiritual movement—came a compilation (a single volume of 1200 pages) of the most important writings of Gandhi himself, as they have appeared in his little paper *Young India,* during the opening years of the struggle. "Young India" (Huebsch, New York), an American edition of the Indian imprint, is not a book about Gandhi. It is the man himself. It is a monumental work which should be in all libraries, for it is indispensable to anyone who would gain a complete understanding of his ideals and aims, as well as the genesis and progress of the movement he is shaping. The value of the book is enhanced by the Introduction by Rajendra Prasad, Secretary of the Indian National Congress, which is in effect a history of Non-co-operation up to the time of the arrest of its leader.

It is an almost impossible task to give anything like an adequate appreciation of such a book, except to say that it is the "Bible" of non-resistance. It is a source book, the importance of which will appear only in years to come when the transcendant value of its message has become apparent to mankind. An India, spiritually awakened and free, has given in this book, her message of peace and goodwill to a groaning world. Non-co-operation, as Gandhi has said, "is designed to supply the platform from which she will preach that message." That the message will continue to be studied and preached, no one who has had even a glimpse of its spirit and content, will question.

When it is fully understood, what all religions teach, that our human endeavor, in its reaction to the opposite forces that sway us, consists of a series of eternal re-

jections and acceptances, it will be seen that Gandhi is right when he says that *non-co-operation with evil* is as much a duty as co-operation with good. He declares:

> Non-co-operation is the nation's notice that it is no longer satisfied to be in tutelage, (it) is an invitation to the government to co-operate with it on its own terms as is every nation's right and every good government's duty. The nation has taken to a harmless, (for it) natural and religious doctrine of Non-co-operation in place of the unnatural and irreligious doctrine of violence.

But this book is not alone Gandhi, the man: it is his philosophy and his program. It brings into the arena of public discussion some of the hitherto unrealized ineptitudes, weaknesses and injustices of a government which for more than a hundred years has been a deterrent to the material and political progress of one-fifth of the population of the globe, and which—in its larger aspects—has profoundly disturbed the peace of the entire world. The book, too, is the voice of Gandhi's critics, and contains his replies to some of their criticism. The last are by no means the least instructive part of this immensely informative work. Witness the rejoinder to Sir William Vincent, who had said of non-co-operation, "it is purely destructive, and as far as I have been able to ascertain, contains no element of constructive ability." Gandhi replies:

> . . . This destructive movement bears in it the surest seed of construction as the surgeon's knife contains the seed of health. Is temperance destructive? Are national schools springing up everywhere destructive? Are the thousands of spinning wheels destructive to a nation's prosperity? They will destroy foreign domination whether it hails from Lancashire or Japan.

Always it puts the constructive, the ethical and tactical, as well as the spiritual side of non-co-operation, with perfect clarity and obvious honesty, as in the following:

> India is neither ready nor willing to meet violence with violence. . . . I claim that India is unready, *not* because she is helpless *but* because she is unwilling . . . India's past training for ages, I mean the training of the masses, has been against violence. . . . A little violence like dirt is enough to disturb or soil a peaceful or clean surface, but either being a foreign addition is soon removed. To train India for violence and thus to wrest *Swaraj* by violence is the work of ages.

Another compilation of a different kind comes (almost coincidentally with the release of India's noted prisoner) from the press of Ganesh and Company, Madras, the best known publishing house in India. It is the work of Miss Watson, and is entitled "Gandhi and Non-violent Resistance." As was the case with her first book, no publisher here would undertake to bring out this highly important collection of contemporary opinion of one who is already widely characterized as the greatest spiritual personality since the Nazarene. Miss Watson, because of her faithful and persistent study of India's peaceful revolution, and her thorough acquaintance with the public prints of this country regarding it, was the ideal person for this gathering together of the best and most authoritative opinion on the subject. She writes in her preface:

> I have endeavored in the following pages to give not only the spirit but the letter of the unique movement that is going forward so successfully in India. . . . The vital need of a compilation such as this book presents, arises not alone because of the considered, as well as of the uintentional misrepresentation that a movement of this sort must inevitably call forth, but because there is contained in the truth concerning it, an active principle that is greatly needed to-day. Gandhi has said that his message is for all humanity. He is looking beyond India to the world, and he is saying "return not evil for evil, but return ye good for evil."

The particular value of this compilation consists as much in the widely differing character of the publications represented as in the varying viewpoints of the writers. All of the leading journals of opinion and the most reputable newspapers have furnished informative and valuable material, including editorials; religious publications from widely separated sections of the country, of all stripes, have yielded their quota. Beside American opinion, English and Indian opinion, as set forth in American publications, are included; and as a fitting close to a remarkable collection of articles, poems, letters and original documents, are included the two illuminating addresses of Mr. Holmes, which did so much to arouse this country and Europe to the vital character of the Gandhi the man, the political activity he is furthering and the new spiritual dispensation associated with his name. From the wealth of material which the compiler has got together it is difficult to choose, but the poem at the beginning of the book written by Mary Siegrist, should be mentioned. It was printed in the *Survey* shortly after the arrest and trial of him, of whom it was said that he went about stirring up the people; and the last lines in particular are as significant as they are beautiful:

> In his deep prison there in India
> Somehow abreast with sun and sky he waits.
>
> What if again a Christ is crucified
> By some reluctant Pilate—if again
> The blind again enact their old Gethsemane?
>
> * * *
>
> Tread softly, world, perhaps a Christ leads on
> To-day, in India.

Among the mass of matter presented, after the sermons of Mr. Holmes, are the editorials and articles from those whom the compiler mentions as having helped in the past to create in America favorable opinion toward India and its problems,—Lajpat Rai, Syud Hossain and Taraknath Das among the Indians; and Robert Morse Lovett, Norman Thomas and J. T. Sunderland. There is nothing from the pen of that tireless pioneer worker, and lover of India—Miss Agnes Smedley—owing to the fact that she is at present in Europe; but no one of these, but would acknowledge with gratitude her fine endeavors during the years before Gandhi came within the ken of the western world. Miss Watson is herself represented by a few of the many informative articles she has contributed during the past four years to American journals. She has a grasp of the political side of the non-co-operation movement, and an understanding of its implications second to none who have spoken and written about it. Like the eminent Frenchman, Romain Rolland,—who has written one of the most thorough going and authentic accounts of India's great son, she sympathizes with Gandhi and understands him.

The last of the books treating of India's man of action which comes within the confines of this article, is the small but exceedingly important volume which embodies the reaction of M. Rolland (perhaps the most noted non-resistant of the western world) to the words and the work of his co-worker in the East. The three essays which he has recently contributed to the *Century Magazine,* have just been published in book form with the title "Mahatma Gandhi." They first appeared in Paris, and have been widely read and have been made the subject of the most favorable comment, both in Europe and Asia. One cannot in any degree do justice to the exquisite comprehension of the Gandhi philosophy which M. Rolland manifests, or to the in-

tuitional character and the beauty and clarity of its presentation. The author has grasped in an extraordinary way, the details of the Indian political program, as it has been developing since its initiation in the summer of 1920, and in an equal degree has possessed himself of the spirit that underlies and energizes the movement. It was easy for him to do this, for he is of the same temperament and ideology as the man of whom he has chosen to write. He sees the Indian, unlike European revolutionaries, not, a maker of laws and ordinances, but "as a builder of a new humanity."

M. Rolland reads well the mind of India's indomitable leader who is thought by those of lesser perception to be demanding the impossible.

Gandhi (he says) never asks men for more than they can give. But he asks for all they can give. And this is much in a nation like India—a formidable nation, through its numerical power, its force of duration, and its abysmal soul. From the very first Gandhi and India have formed a pact; they understand each other without words. Gandhi knows what he can demand of India, and India is prepared to give whatever Gandhi may demand.

Between Gandhi and India there reigns, first of all, absolute agreement as to goal: *Swaraj,* home rule, for the nation. "I know," he says, "that *Swaraj* is the object of the nation and not non-violence."

He understands his genius, which, he asserts, revealed itself when, by the preaching of the Gospel of Satyagraha,* Gandhi revealed to his people their real nature and their hidden strength. Unlike most writers on the subject, Gandhi's French interpreter does not confuse Satyagraha—upon which non-violent, non-co-operation is predicated—with passive resistance. He lays especial emphasis on this point:

Nothing (he insists) is more false than to call Gandhi's campaign a movement of passive resistance. No one has a greater horror of passivity than this tireless fighter, who is one of the most heroic incarnations of a man who *resists.* The soul of his movement is active resistance—resistance which finds outlet, not in violence, but in the active force of love, faith and sacrifice. This three-fold energy is expressed in the word *satyagraha.*

M. Rolland appreciates Gandhi's praise of woman. "In the women of India, beginning with his own wife," he writes, "Gandhi always found intelligent aid and understanding, and among them he recruited some of his best disciples." He quotes Gandhi as saying:

Woman is not the weaker sex, but the better half of humanity, the nobler of the two; but even today it is the embodiment of sacrifice, silent suffering, humility, faith and knowledge. Woman's intuition has often proved truer than man's arrogant assumption of knowledge.

He comprehends (where a compatriot like Rabindranath Tagore fails), the *raison d'etre* behind Gandhi's entrance into politics; and he reminds us of the latter's words:

If I seem to take part in politics, it is only because politics to-day encircle us like the coils of a snake from which one cannot get out no matter how one tries. I wish to wrestle with the snake. . . . I am trying to introduce religion into politics.

Particularly does this wise and understanding Frenchman see clearly, where again Tagore fails, the constructive power of non-co-operation, i. e., refusal to assist in the perpetuation of evil. He realizes that this refusal implies the creation of a wholly new psychology of the Indian people—the injection into the masses, of the will to live as a free people. India, to his mind, had lost the power of saying "No," and Gandhi had given it back to her.

And will this people (the author continues) remain true to its ideal—to the most ancient longings of the race? For if there is such a thing as genius, great by its own strength whether or not it corresponds to the ideals of its surroundings, there can be no genius of action, no leader, who does not incarnate the instincts of his race, satisfy the need of the hour, and requiet the yearning of the world.

Mahatma Gandhi does all this. His principle of *ahimsa* (non-violence) has been inscribed in the spirit of India for more than two thousand years. Mahavira, Buddha, and the cult of Vishnu have made it the substance of millions of souls. Gandhi has merely transfused heroic blood into it. He called upon the great shadows, the forces of the past, plunged in mortal lethargy, and at the sound of his voice they came to life. In him they found themselves. Gandhi is more than a word; he is an example. He incarnates the spirit of his people. . . . If the spirit of India now surges forth from temples and forests, it is because it holds the message for which the world is sighing. This message carries far beyond the boundaries of India. India alone could formulate it, but it consecrates the nation's greatness as much as its sacrifice. It may become its cross. . . . Who will prove the faith? And how, in an unbelieving world?

And M. Rolland answers his own question in the words: "Faith is proved by action"! It is *"Karmavira"*—the Hero-in-Action, after all, who has so impressed and inspired the writer of this noble book; and this is action—as the "Gita" has it—without self-interest, without expectation. With Romain Rolland, as with Gandhi, the way to self-respect lies through self-sacrifice; and to each of these men, love is the greatest thing in the world. Let the closing words of the heart-felt testimony of this true apostle of peace, be ours:

One thing is certain: either Gandhi's spirit will triumph, or it will manifest itself again, as were manifested, centuries before, the Messiah and Buddha, till there finally is manifested, in a mortal half-god, the perfect incarnation of the principle of life which will lead a new humanity on a new path.

Orient. —*J. T. Sunderland.*

*Etymology: *Satya,* just, right; *Agraha,* attempt, effort. Hence, *Satyagraha,* a just effort, in the sense of meaning non-acceptation of or non-resistance to injustice. Gandhi defines it as meaning "holding on to truth—hence, truth-force; also (to be) defined as love-force or soul-force."

THE GAIN.

What have we gained?—a million graves,
A million wrecks, by land and sea;
The Human Christ nailed to the Cross,
And lost, that dream,—Fraternity.

The daily cross of bitter toil,
For those who clutch, what we can gain:
Body of God, the Soul within
Beaten to death with sordid pain.

For one wild moment men stood up
And cried: "We choked our brothers' breath:
"No more shall we be sent to crime
As driven herds are sent to death;

"If we must sin, then it shall be
The outcome of a conscious thought;
And through it learn, for pity's sake,
The love that aids, nor injures aught.

"We then may fling around the earth
The circle of a linked life,—
Tread under foot the serpent hate,—
Stifle the strife begetting strife."

The world thrilled to its utmost core
At the great cry; and thrones crashed down;—
One moment flashed the hidden dawn,—
One moment more,—the gleam had gone.

The earth slid backwards, into night,
Leaving us with our gain:—the Dead;—
Dead men, dead hopes, dead brotherhood;
And, for our food, Hate's poisoned bread.

Sydney, Australia. A. H.

THE STUDY TABLE

A Great War Book

The dedication of Lawrence Stallings' novel—"Plumes," is significant.

"To An Unknown Soldier" and then—a woman's name!

If ever peace, lasting peace, is to come to this world, it will come through women and the young men *who know!*

To skip from the dedication to the ending of this thrilling book seems the natural thing to do and afterward follow, as well as a mere sympathetic reader can, the soul story of the book.

A little child—a boy—asks a disillusioned soldier as they stand by an open grave in Arlington Cemetery:

"What's that for?"
The man replies:
"A grave."
"What's a grave for?"
"For a soldier to sleep in."
"Why doesn't he sleep in his bed?"
"General won't let him."
"What's a general?"
"A man who makes little boys sleep in graves."
The child's lips quivered.
"I'll ask Esme (his mother) not to let a general get me."

Thus speaks helpless childhood to mothers: women, the world over.

For two hundred and fifty years the Plumes—the hero of this book is Richard Plume—had been in America and all of them had participated in the wars to secure peace and safety, offering health, limbs and happiness on the altar of loyalty. They came back from the several wars—they who were not killed outright—to nurse their wounds, talk about the battles and merge with the grey and forgotten mass of ex-soldiers. The women of the Plume family accepted, grim-jawed, what was held out to them, but they *thought* and thought.

Young Richard goes to the World War excited by propaganda and like many another boy, had his vision shattered, along with his splendid young body and came back to prolonged suffering in army hospitals; to a creeping back to life that had no place for him; no honest recognition of his supreme gift to the cause.

In his hot and just resentment, he did not, like his forebears, want to go back to his former quiet life and nurse his wounds and rehearse war tales, he wanted to stay in Washington, face the monumental farce that was enacted after the war and—*tell what he knew!*

He, and many others like him, wanted to make *sure* that that war *was* the war to end war. He knew that no such result could come through anything but *truth* from those who knew and the forced understanding of those who did *not* know and who were smugly accepting the inheritance of evil that includes the butchery of young men as part of its philosophy.

Back came young Richard, a broken, mangled boy, mentally and physically. Back he came to as sweet a woman character as a writer could portray—Esme, the young wife, bearing in her arms to the hospital bed—her son and Richard's.

"Is Lieutenant Plume in a private room?" asks Esme as, child in arms, she follows the orderly through the ghastly rows of mutilated men.

"Oh, no, lady. Y' have to be a colonel to get a room in this dump."

Esme was outraged but she staggered on.

"A white iron bed and from its center a huge, swathed leg reared upward toward two wooden transversals over which were cords, pulleys and sand bags."

The woman's heart shrank and her knees broke.

"A man she had never seen before lay flat upon his back, his head turned toward her, his eyes closed."

Then Richard Plume looked upon his son for the first time.

"Ah! Esme," he cried.

"God forgive me for my folly."

Of course young Richard crawled, weak, patched and bitter from the hospital only to face unemployment; impossible housing conditions—greetings from a saved and grateful people!

Perhaps no sadder tale was ever written than this of two loving, lovable young people and their baby, seeking so little. Just enough to live on; just a place to live in!

Gradually brutal indifference, poverty, suffering and clear vision, take their toll.

"I grant you," poor Richard once said, trying to preserve a tatter of respect for the sacrifice he had made, "that all war is a mistake, a brutal and vicious dance directed by ghastly men. It was the tragedy of our lives that we had to be mutilated at the pleasure of dolls and fools, but when I went to France there was a spirit America had never known before, a willingness to look at life in terms of humanity."

And that is bitterly true and the tragedy of the world is that that divine spark was allowed to die by the brutality of those who could not appreciate it!

In reviewing such a book as "Plumes" it seems unfair to use lesser words than the book contains and any others become weak in comparison.

Fancy a Secretary of Education among all those shifty, uneducated men in the Cabinets of Presidents.

Fancy it indeed!

After what you've gone through, Richard, it does seem that we should have a chance to live!

Poor little common-sense Esme speaks. So will *all* women speak some day.

Later Esme, meeting another disillusioned boy, says:

I feel like taking that bitter, acid face of his and bathing it with tears.

During the struggle of securing employment Esme went with her husband.

She descended the stairs ahead of him so he might fall on her if the braces caught!

Isn't that what millions of women are doing all over the world today?

What magnificent spirit. Armies should be shamed by it.

Later we find this:

Richard could not talk well, because he would not speak his mind. He wanted to talk war and peace, and to lash out in fury against any one who supported the system in which he had been victimized.

Well, the Richards of America and other countries are, thank God, beginning to "speak their thoughts."

Such books as "Plumes," such plays as "What Price Glory!" by the same author, are reaching into the understanding and conscience of men and women.

Watch the reaction! Note whence it comes and estimate the force of the truth from these broken, clear visioned men who *took part* and *know*.

Mr. Stallings was in the front ranks of the Great War; his young body bears the marks of the sacrifice he made. He knows whereof he speaks.

It is the grossest stupidity for men and women—not daring to deny what such writers say—to emphasize the point that after all what he says is but a personal view

point. That there are *other* experiences of war, etc. Personal view points are the contributions that count.

A woman recently remarked:

Think how our noble generals offer their lives for our country.

Our noble generals do *not* offer their lives for any country today, they offer the lives of young men and women—emphasize that view point!

The tragedy of this book is its closing defeat for poor Richard.

No one would listen to him; ex-soldiers became a nuisance.

I can do nothing. What chance has that little boy (referring to his baby son) yonder against all these dead men? I'm through.

A country with a conscription law is a country upon which lays the grip of a dead hand. Children are conceived and born with that knowledge in their consciousness. They live under the shadow that may fall at any hour at the will of those in authority. At a moment's notice the youth of a country must forego its blessed right of self-expression and independence of choice. A country that demands such sacrifice by law must reap the penalty of a race half-heartedly serving where only whole-hearted service can count.

But something is being done when such men as Lawrence Stallings write such books as "Plumes" and plays like "What Price Glory!"

Men and women who want to preserve their faith in war superstition had better not read—"Plumes."

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE

AUSTRIA RUINED BY THE LEAGUE!

[The following letter is written by a man who has traveled extensively in Europe, lived in various continental countries, and knows conditions from intimate personal acquaintance. His letter, written in answer to a request for an unbiased report of exact conditions, presents an impressive confirmation of the views expressed editorially in UNITY ever since Austria was taken over by the League of Nations.—J. H. H.]

My dear Mr. Holmes:

In a recent letter you expressed a desire to learn something about conditions in Austria. I spent six weeks in that country, after an absence of two years, and tried by means of interviews and much reading of various newspapers to get some knowledge of the situation.

As a result, I have reached the conclusion that your surmise that Austria is a vassal state and that, therefore, the Austrian people have lost their independence, is correct. In fact it is generally admitted; on the one hand by those who claim that it is a necessary phase of reconstruction and rehabilitation and on the other, by those opposed, as an indictment, against the present government. Between these two extreme views lie all shades of opinion depending more or less upon the racial, religious, nationalistic and other prejudices which the holders of such opinions entertain.

In arriving at any conclusion, nothing is to be gained by denying the sincerity of the great majority of the various parties. The main question really is whether the Austrian people by surrendering their sovereignty to such outsiders as those to whom they have given control of their affairs in exchange for material assistance, will, during this period of tutelage, learn to conduct their affairs so that they may at the end thereof, again assume full sovereignty and independence, strengthened in those qualities necessary for self-government. Whether such a result is possible of attainment in any case, would be hotly affirmed by some and just as positively denied by others, upon general principles. Between these extremes there would be those who would hold that such a result might possibly be attained under certain conditions. These latter will want further particulars in the case of Austria.

In the dismemberment of certain European nations by the treaty of Versailles and other treaties following the war, millions of former Austrians were expatriated by annexation of territory to other states. Moreover, what was left of Austria was denied the right of self-determination in that it was particularly forbidden to join Germany. In other words, one of the main principles for which it was alleged the war was fought, was denied application in the case of Austria. The moral effect of such denial of a principle so generally proclaimed as the basis of future European peace, must be admitted to be bad, even taking into consideration all of the arguments in justification of such denial in this case. Practically, moreover, it closed one avenue, and by many believed to be the only avenue through which the Austrian people might proceed toward their highest cultural development.

Isolated and surrounded by enemies, Austria was threatened, in the crisis of 1922, by the armies of three neighboring states, with total extinction and incorporation into their territories. The division had already been agreed upon. The excuse for this invasion was threatened Bolshevism. Mutual jealousy and the fear of adding to their already large dissentient and rebellious minorities resulted in hesitation which gave the Austrian government the opportunity to throw itself into the arms of the League. It is stated that just before this, the Austrian government had not only appealed to Germany, which admitted its utter helplessness to aid, but had, to avoid division, offered the country "on a silver platter" to Czechoslovakia; that the latter had turned down the offer because of fears of complications with Italy and Jugoslavia.

The response of the League was, as you know, conditioned upon practical control of Austria's internal affairs by an Allied Commission. In the process of stabilizing the Crown, which was considered the basis of all reconstruction, and of balancing the budget, many thousands of civil employees were dismissed from the railroad, telegraph and other government services and taxes were screwed up to unheard of heights, except, it is stated, upon such trades, industries and financial and other businesses as it was deemed necessary to favor for reconstruction purposes. A loan of 50 millions was granted by certain Allied interests, at 9%, which loan was guaranteed by certain nations interested and the proceeds of part of this loan was deposited in banks for emergency in the stabilizing process. Whatever use, it is said, was to be made of these funds in the meantime was understood to be to assist the industrial and general business situation by means of loans and to bring about a condition of confidence. Naturally, hope and confidence returned and both were highly stimulated by plenty of League speeches and newspaper propaganda. And thereupon there followed an orgy of speculation, unprecedented in the annals of the country. Not only was speculation quite general among those who had funds and credit, but bank loans were withheld from legitimate business to be loaned to stock gamblers. And bankers used their own deposits to make stock purchases and promotions in enormous quantities, in the desire to secure special places of vantage for cleaning up great profits in rehabilitated Austria. There came the crash which was helped along by the unsuccessful speculation in French francs, into which many of the speculators had switched in an effort to recoup former losses. An avalanche of stock and other securities was poured upon the exchange and the bottom fell out of everything. The largest banks were closing their doors, industry was paralyzed and there were such charges of fraud, corruption and embezzlement made against high financial circles that every effort was made to hush up the exposures, to avoid panic.

The Austrian people now find themselves in the position of paying 9% on an Allied loan, their deposits wasted in speculation; taxes again raised; financial, industrial and commercial activities paralyzed; unable to obtain either money or credit. They find themselves dictated to by Allied interests in matters of internal policy and they are helpless,—since they are bound hand and foot,—to make any movement to rectify the situation. Moreover, a request on their part, upon a showing that they had fully complied with the conditions imposed by the League, for a release from further control, met with a flat refusal.

It is not necessary to question the sincerity of the League's intentions in the first instance, in order to condemn the policy pursued in Austria. A sufficient basis for condemnation would appear in the terms of the conditions imposed and the manner of carrying them out, without any reference to the probable train of evils which might result from such control.

The opposition claims that all that Austria needed was protection against those who were threatening her territorial integrity. As for the 50 million loan, it is claimed that the people

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NOTICE!

Mr. Holmes will be in the vicinity of Chicago from November 14 to 17. He has one or two opportunities for speaking on this trip not yet filled, and will be glad to consider invitations.

EDWIN D. MEAD AT HOME

The many friends of Edwin D. Mead will rejoice to know that, after a long period of illness, he is again happily at home, at 19 Euston Street, Brookline. On the evening of September 29, the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Mead, his restored health and home-coming were signalized by a gathering at their home of a company of relatives and friends who had been present at their wedding. Two of Gannett's beautiful poems, "The Old Love Song" and "The Dear Togetherness," were read by one of the friends; and "Sweet Home" was played in addition to the music which had been played at the wedding—Handel's Largo and the music of the "Ode to Joy" from the Ninth Symphony. Mr. and Mrs. Mead have spent the summer at their country place in Chesterfield, N. H., Mr. Mead's native place; and both took part in the Old Home Day observance there, Mr. Mead giving the address at the dedication of a soldiers' monument. He now writes more or less, and takes as warm an interest as ever in public affairs, especially in the progress of the peace cause.

A LEAGUE OF NEIGHBORS.

A Statement.

Charles Frederick Weller and his wife Eugenia Winston Weller, founders of the League of Neighbors, returned recently from a three months trip in Europe where they chiefly sought to learn, as Mr. Weller expressed it: "What kind of world is developing in the minds and feelings of the common people, our good neighbors across the sea."

"Three months of intimate intercourse with average folks in forty-seven towns and cities, in nine countries—France, Germany, and Austria, Spain and Portugal, England, Wales, Italy and Northern Africa—have sent us back to Elizabeth, New Jersey, with strengthened interest in the League of Neighbors.

"During the next seven weeks, I shall concentrate all the added strength and vision which I trust that we have gained abroad, on preparations for the International Neighbors Festival and Fellowship of Faiths, November 13 to 16 inclusive, in the Elizabeth armory.

"Many congenial idealists whom we found in foreign lands—as, also, people who have written to us from American cities—have expressed, this summer, a hearty, helpful interest in this effort to demonstrate something of the new community spirit which the whole world needs.

"One can't come home without a sense of responsibility for Europe, including Great Britain. The peoples there are depressed, endangered, sad and suffering. Vast destruction due to the world war, with many indications of decadence, made us wonder whether it may even be true, as some international students think, that Western Civilization, in which America shares, is doomed to languish and ultimately to disappear.

"Another world war is grimly threatened—chiefly by the old war psychology of misunderstanding with its consequent hatred, of fear masking as sensible preparedness and of militant imperialism—which we found all at their worst (I am sorry to report it frankly) in La Belle France, the honored, noble nation which the world loves, I think, above all others.

"Idealists we found, however, almost everywhere, who are hopefully creating a new and better world through their aspirations and their growing broadening spirits of goodwill and understanding—big enough to bridge the deadly gulfs between the nations abroad and between their industrial classes at home. Some of these men and women told us that the League of Neighbors is exactly the kind of new community endeavor which is very gravely needed everywhere.

"Segregation—of nations and of smaller groups within the nations—who very sorely need to understand each other and to work together—is the most impressive, world-endangering characteristic of the countries we have visited.

"This segregation, in this little world—which modern means of intercommunication have contracted into one intimately interwoven commonwealth of mutually dependent interests and ideals—means that natural neighbors, everywhere, potentially fraternal, are now needlessly and

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of Austria could easily have obtained the funds necessary to stabilize the Crown, by taxation and thereby have avoided losing control of their governmental affairs and retained power to rectify abuses. But as soon as they were rendered powerless to act, by Allied control, all the powers of darkness descended upon them in the effort to pluck the last bit of profit and political advantage from the situation. Crooked bankers, credit hucksters, stock gamblers, crooked politicians, all were given free play in the work of exploitation. I have already told you above, with what result. Let me merely add that as a result of mutual bargainings and intrigues, among other things, all eyes were closed to the fact that six large war equipment concerns were working overtime in the manufacture of guns, rifles, ammunition and other war equipment for neighboring states, members of the Little Entente!

But more damaging than all this and more dangerous for the future is the deliberate throttling of public opinion in the demand that publicity of the shameful state of affairs be suppressed and the threat on the part of League officials against any political attempt on the part of the people to rectify it. On this point I shall let an interview with Signor Pantaleoni, Chairman of the Allied Commission, speak. This interview was printed in the Vienna *Freie Presse* a few weeks ago and I am herewith enclosing a copy. If anything can more thoroughly condemn the present activities of the League in Austrian affairs, I do not know where to find it. I think it substantiates what I have said.

In this interview you will note the amazing statement that "the Commission of Control (of Austria) is not identified with the League of Nations, but represents the several nations that guaranteed the Austrian loan." Please revolve this delicious morsel about and then say just what the status of the Austrian people actually is. Where does the power and responsibility on the other side, lie? Has the League delegated its powers to a financial consortium? Were you not much nearer the truth than you yourself supposed, when you said that the people of Austria were delivered body and soul to the financial powers at the moment when the Allied loan was subscribed? Is this process to be repeated in Hungary and Germany and in other countries that meet with financial reverses?

But do not fail to read the entire interview. It will give you a good idea of what is in store for any people that is unwilling to suffer for the principles of freedom and independence, and also one of the programs according to which it is proposed to reconstruct Europe.

The newspapers have been telling us that the condition of the Austrian people has improved materially over that of two years ago and to such an extent that this improvement constitutes one of the wonders of our time. Many Austrians told me the same thing. League control was credited with this miracle. Even aside from the moral, spiritual and cultural aspects of the situation, which weigh more than the material, I doubt very much if there was not more delusion than fact in these signs of prosperity and improvement, which were due to speculative activity rather than sound business recovery. I happened to be in Austria when the "bubble" was still in the process of bursting and when I left the pieces were still coming down. Hope and confidence were ebbing away; gloom and doubt were again befogging the skies—industries were unable to obtain funds to pay wages; interest rates had soared to unbelievable heights. In fact I saw little that would lead me to believe that the Austrian situation was permanently on the road toward betterment and nothing that the Austrian people have been able to learn anything from League control, that will assist them in finally governing themselves. The beginning of both these things still lies in the future.

Munich, Bavaria. Z.

tragically divided by the vicious propaganda of prejudice, by subtle fears, by wornout religious creeds which mislead the human spirit and by the royalist psychology which wrongly interprets humanity as naturally stratified, one class above another.

"Thus the League of Neighbors is in truth, as some Europeans have told us, exactly the kind of undertaking needed everywhere—because it overcomes these misunderstandings with their consequent separations of naturally congenial folks—because the League, in practical popular ways, promoted 'Fellowship, Democracy, Goodwill and Mutual Service,' as the Elizabeth slogan states our purposes and methods.

"Elizabeth, like many other communities, is a microcosm, the modern world in miniature. Here are nearly all the segregated nationalities and divided classes whom we have seen—but much more badly segregated—in Europe.

"In Elizabeth there are also evil remnants of the old world's unfraternal consciousness which works, here as there, to retard human progress and to belittle the possible great achievements of the human spirit.

"Consequently, through such path-seeking, humble but aspiring efforts as the League of Neighbors, we Americans, though we be only ordinary unimportant average folks, may help to save the world. We may help to solve some of the fundamental, threatening ills which bar and throttle human progress everywhere, even in this highly favored America."

Elizabeth, N. J.

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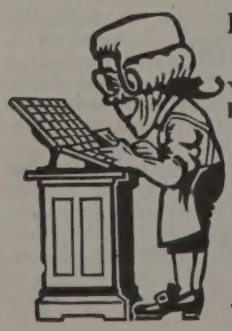

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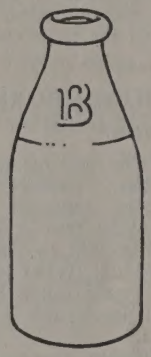

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